The Revolution.

"WHAT, THEREFORE, GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER, LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER."

VOL. VIII.—NO. 7. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUG. 17, 1871. WHOLE NO. 189.

Editorial Notes.

We are happy to learn that Mrs. Celia Burleigh has been invited to settle over the Unitarian society at Brooklyn, Conn., where she is preaching with great acceptance.

Mrs. Vallandigham was so much prostrated by the sudden death of her husband, that she died almost literally of a broken heart, at Cumberland, Md., August 14th, where she was visiting her relatives.

Mrs. Lillie Deveraux Blake is putting her vacation to practical uses, by lecturing and making addresses on peace and woman suffrage, in Dutchess county, where she has made a host of friends, and has attracted large audiences.

Mr. Sumner thinks a very strong constitutional argument might be framed in favor of woman suffrage under the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments. And we think that there is no abler nor better man to frame that argument than the Hon. Charles Sumner.

Mrs. Swisshelm has decided views on house-building, which we commend to people in general and Charles Reade in particular. She says, "Your crook-spined, hump-shouldered house, with a wen on one side, a wart on the other, a factory chimney on the door, and pilot house on the roof, may make an interesting feature in a landscape, but for a house to live in, commend me to the generous, old, square mansion, such as do most abound in the rural districts of the Keystone State. The wide centre hall, rooms on each side, and L kitchen, for homestead architecture, never has been and never can be equaled."

The consideration of the new French government for children deserves commendation and inspires hope. A petition was recently sent to M. Thiers in behalf of the "Babies of Paris," saying, "Give us our Tuileries garden; give us our pile of sand, and our hide-and-seek behind the great trees. Our hoops are growing rusty against the walls, our shovels crack against the pavements, and our little legs are growing paralyzed for want of running. You have assured the tranquility of the parents; now assure the happiness of the children." It is pleasant to know that the request was promptly granted.

Women have no worse enemy than the liquor traffic, and none should feel a deeper interest than they in the success of the temperance cause, nor labor more earnestly for its advancement. And none, we think, can labor more effectively in this cause than the mothers, sisters, and lady friends, of the boys and young men who are growing up into the stature and duties of men and citizens. The tender influence of women can reach, and sway, and mould the minds of the young with peculiar power, and if that influence were timely exerted in favor of temperance as it ought to be, there would be far less intemperance in the land to blight the happiness of families.

Not satisfied with his admirable answer to Mr. Greeley's letter in the last number of the *Golden Age*, Mr. Theodore Tilton has addressed that gentleman an epistle of still more striking character in his paper of the present week. It touches upon most of the points involved in the present discussion of the woman question, and in a fearless and felicitous way. It is to be issued in a handsome tract for general distribution. From present indications it would seem that the Farmer of Chappaqua has obtained a little more than he bargained for, and that the question of woman's right to the ballot will receive a more general and thorough consideration than ever before.

The St. Louis Labor Congress responded to Mr. Tilton's letter by a series of resolutions, covering the whole ground, and granting all that was asked for. The resolutions are as follows: "That the low wages, long hours, and damaging service to which the working-women are doomed, destroy health, imperil virtue, and are a standing reproach to civilization; that we urge them to learn trades, engage in business, join our labor unions, form protective unions of their own, and use every other honorable means to persuade and force employers to do justice to women by paying equal wages for equal work; that we pledge the aid of the unions represented in this Congress to working-women's protective associations, which are now and may hereafter be formed, in all their just and lawful demands." We trust the members of the Congress and all interested in its action, will do what they can to translate these excellent resolves into beneficent and operative facts.

The centenary of Walter Scott was celebrated at Edinburgh on the 9th inst.; but was more appropriately observed here on Tuesday of this week. A native of Scotland, his works and fame belong to mankind, and redound to the credit of human nature. The feudal element was strong in his blood and training, and he had little of the peculiar thought and sentiment which characterize the genius of Dickens and Whittier. Aristocratic through and through, he could not be a democrat. But he had had all the best elements of the aristocratic character, and with his feudal traits he possessed a chivalric regard for woman, which kept his life true, and made his works a portrait gallery of heroines. His moral heroism in meeting at once, and without a murmur, the liabilities of the bankrupt house in whose failure he was involved, paying enormous debts, contracted by other parties, by his pen, deserves special recognition. A great, brave, noble soul he was, of whom Scotland may well be proud, and for whom all who read have reason to be grateful.

Mr. Greeley is considerably exercised in relation to his daughters. He cannot bear the thought of their being mixed up in caucuses, managing conventions, and haranging mobs from the stump; and because of his repugnance to such a course for his daughters, he is utterly opposed to the enfranchisement of women. But how large a proportion of our voters do any of the things which seem so objectionable in his eyes? Probably not one in ten of the thousands of voters in this city ever attended a caucus meeting, or had anything to do with the management of a political convention, or made a stump speech. They have no taste, no inclination, no ambition for these things with which Mr. Greeley has had so much to do all his life. They refuse to be mixed up in any way with the trickery, manuevering and vulgarity, which are now associated with polities. The elements that make the caucus corrupt and unfit for women keep three-quarters of our men away from them altogether, and will give it over to thieves and demagogues until women have their civil rights, and exercise the privileges of citizenship at the polls. Mr. Greeley's objection is a confession of the debased condition of our politics under male management—a condition so deplorable that it actually drives three-fourths of the voters away from primary meetings and conventions altogether. But what is his argument?—Some politicians are bad men, and the caucus-room is filthy and corrupt. Therefore, honest men and cultivated women must abandon them to rogues and ruffians!—This is the logic of it. Or suppose it is regarded as a mere matter of personal preference.—The caucus room is unclean and full of knavery; I cannot bear the thought of having my daughters soiled with its corruption and mixed up with its vileness; therefore, they must take no part in politics, be deprived of political rights, and subjected to all manner of injustice.—This shows how a philosopher can reason in an emergency, especially when his feelings are involved. But this style of argument is a dangerous thing to play with. Probably Mr. Greeley would not care to see a son hawking oranges or clams through the streets, shouting his articles at the top of his lungs in tones that make daylight horrible. Would he therefore say to him, "You shall not engage in business at all"? Would he not rather say to him, "Go to work; be industrious, and frugal, and temperate, and by a course of honest enterprise escape from poverty and its degrading necessities"? And why not exercise the same common sense in dealing with a great question like this of woman's enfranchisement as in treating ordinary interests and affairs? Ranting may do on occasion, but there are times when reasoning is in order.

MANNERS IN TRAVEL.

Travel often brings out the faults and foibles of character and the defects in training better than anything else. It puts people into new and unexpected circumstances. It takes away the old props on which they are accustomed to lean; it lifts them out of the old and easy-going grooves of routine; it shakes them into new attitudes; it brings them face to face with disagreeable persons, vulgar habits, discomfort, uncleanliness, and a great deal else not easily put up with. At home one is master of the situation; he can do as he likes; if things do not go right in one room he can escape to another, or go out of doors; if tired of one thing he can take to another. But in the cars or on the boat he is no longer master, but subject, and at the mercy of circumstances. And all the politeness, the forbearance, the generosity of human nature are requisite sometimes to put up with the boorish ways, the selfishness, the vulgarity to which one is exposed in journeying.

The charming series of papers in the *Bazar*, under the title of "Manners on the Road," contain many excellent hints—suggestions as to the way in which travelling should be done to ensure the highest pleasure and profit. These graceful essays ought to be published in a tasteful volume, and read by all traveling Americans, which means everybody; for American and traveler are synonymous terms. But there is more significance in the title than most people imagine. If there is a place in the world where good manners are needed and worth their weight in gold, it is in travel; but if there is any place where bad manners prevail, and the bad breeding, boorishness, selfishness and vulgarity of people display themselves most frequently and conspicuously, it is in the car, the coach and the steamboat. Travelers seem to pack their politeness in their trunk, or leave it at home, and push and crowd and elbow their way, greedy of privileges, and regardless of rights, and utterly forgetful of all the graces and fair humanities of life.

We have been frequently pained the present season at the coarse and tyrannical bearing of some men while traveling. They scramble for the best seats. They insist on controlling the windows, the doors, the ventilators and furniture, precisely as though the entire car or boat were their private property. They cover the floors with the filthiest tobacco juice. They fill the air with breaths poisoned by drink and smoke. They talk vulgarity. They look obscene. If a child cries, they fret and almost visibly froth at the mouth. And if a poor, tired woman wants a seat, they turn their eyes the other way. They make traveling uncomfortable if not positively dangerous, and nettle everybody they come in contact with.

Sometimes the bad manners of women on the road are positively discreditable to the sex. They sometimes monopolize seats that do not belong to them, by spreading out their dresses or piling up their baggage, making others stand, or sit in discomfort. They sometimes enter a car and stare at a tired man, until he feels compelled to rise and offer a seat that he needs more than the one who takes it. They sometimes display an amount of selfishness, levity and impertinence, impatience and fretfulness, which amazes, quite as much as it pains those who witness the exhibition. These are exceptions to the general rule, but the exceptions are unfortunately numerous.

The matter is of much more importance than most people seem to imagine. Good manners are nowhere so much needed and so conducive to the general comfort as in travel. Boorishness can be borne with at home; irritability and petty selfishness can be escaped from in the house or on the street. But to be pinioned into a seat with a human porcupine or box-turtle is a tax on the nerves that is hard to be endured. One thing that makes travel so hard and wearing is the bad manners of travelers, and the irritation incident to it. Whoever travels should make it a positive duty to conduct themselves in the noblest possible manner, meeting all emergencies in the sweetest mood. The more politeness the more pleasure. The more kindness the more joy. Theodore Parker used to carry candy and sugar-plums, and give them to crying children in the cars. Every woman, especially, ought to set an example of good manners on the road.

GALLANTRY AND JUSTICE.

There is some truth in the idea that even the worst injustice done to women in civilized lands was preceded by a still more debasing tyranny. As society becomes civilized, men become more just and kind; and woman shares in the general amelioration. What Gail Hamilton says deserves consideration. and should never be dropped out of sight. Man's good will toward woman is so great that "he will work harder and endure more for her sake than for his own. Self preservation is the first law of Nature; but woman-preservation is the first law of civilization. The men on a sinking ship will save the women and go down themselves, not because women are considered more valuable than men, nor for any reason whatever, but simply because men never think of doing anything else. If the crew of a vessel should let the women perish, and themselves sail into port in safety, they would be mobbed at the first quay on which they landed. When Captain Herndon told his men that he proposed to save the women and go down with the ship, did they demur? I have heard that they responded with a sudden outburst of cheers, heart answering to heart with instinctive heroism. I do not know how that may be; but they manned the boats with a picked crew; they sent every woman away to life, and themselves, four hundred and twenty-seven men, went down to death."

The practical question that rises here is, Shall women at the present stage of civilization trust all their interests and rights to the gallantry of men? Shall they receive everything as privilege, and have nothing as their own? We have no desire to develop an artificial antagonism between the sexes; their interests are identical. They have nothing to war about. All their hopes are inseparably bound together. The two are one in all that relates to the welfare of either and the progress of both. It is the most shallow and pernicious of notions that men as men are opposed to women as women, and trying to keep them under, and rob them of their rights. And it is the greatest of mistakes to imagine that the woman movement indicates, fosters or represents antagonism to the the rights, the interests, the welfare of men. It means something more and better than the advancement of woman's interests and power at the expense of man's; it means the welfare of both sexes, the advancement of society, the improvement of the race. We ask man to do justice to woman for his sake quite as much as for hers, but still more for the sake of humaniity and the world. We repudiate the inference which Miss Dodge would have her readers draw from her article, that women are fighting against men for what man has always accorded to woman, and always will accord to her out of the gallantry of his nature. If there are man-haters, we do not belong to the number; and if there is a regiment of Amazons enlisted in a warfare against the other sex, we do not train in their company.

But we know something of the fitfulness and fickleness of gallantry as a sentiment and motive of conduct. Men can be very gallant, and perform heroic deeds, and endure ennobling sacrifice under its inspiration. But it is a very partial and short-lived emotion for all that. A young and beautiful woman enters a street car, and half the men in it rise to their feet and offer her a seat. An old, wrinkled, poorly-dressed woman enters the same car, and every man sticks to his seat as though glued to it. Thers is no play of gallantry there. There is gallantry in lavishing attentions upon the brilliant belle, the splendid lady, the gifted, beautiful favorite of the hour; but the poor, weary, worn wife at home is left without the notice her heart is dying to receive and gasps for the want of. There is gallantry in writing poems and making toasts, and uttering a loud applause to the fair sex; but the same men who indite the glowing stanzas, and utter the complimentary sentiments, and cheer the loudest at the mention of woman's name, will compel a woman to work at starvation prices, take advantage of her ignorance and weakness to rob her of her property, abuse a wife who does not submit to every dictation, and then abuse her because she submits, and turn her off in disgrace when she loses her power to charm, or a more fascinating woman weaves her spells upon the heart. Gallantry! why the world is full of it; and the laws on our statute books, the condition of our workwomen, the great company of women who walk our streets, flaunting condemnations in the faces of the men who have wrought their ruin, show what this gallantry is worth. It is a beautiful thing, this gallantry! lovely to look at; admirable every way; the poetic adornment, on the robe of our too prosaic life. But with all its charm and showy splendor, it is no more a substitute for justice than the diamond that sparkles on the neck is a substitute for clothes.

Let there be no disparagement of gallantry. We must protect and strengthen the native chivalry of the mind, which is the spring of so much that is generous, and beautiful, and grand in endeavor and performance. But these are not enough. The interests, the welfare, the progress of society require that man shall show his gallantry by giving woman her rights. We appeal to the chivalry of men to do justice to women. We say to them: We enjoy your attentions; we are pleased with your favors and your flattery; we admire your devotion; we appreciate your sacrifices;

we love your love, and give you our notice, esteem, favor, praise—give you ourselves—in return. But if you have the gallantry, the chivalry, the deep-seated regard and reverence that you pretend, in heaven's name don't spend them all in trifles and compliments; put them into justice. Show that you venerate us by trusting us. Display your devotion by giving us our rights as citizens and as souls. If you have any gallantry stop petting us as babies, and playing with us as dolls, and patronizing us as inferiors, and treat us as though we too were human beings, your equals before the laws and in the sight of God. A gallantry that is good for anything is good for so much service. A love that spends itself in kisses, and flatteries, and endearments, but cannot leap up to meet an equal love, and write itself in laws, and incarnate itself in institution, is not the holy flame that purifies hearts, redeems the world, and creates heaven.

FOUNDATION STONES.

Among the efficient but very quiet workers for the benefit of women, no person in the State should reach higher than Mrs. Elizabeth Langdon, a lady well known in New York society, and resident of Thompson, Long Island.

For many years, whenever any effort was to be made for the amelioration of the condition of workingwomen in our city, Mrs. Langdon was one of the first to lend a helping hand. Not content, however, with that work which could at best reach but a small portion of the oppressed, she cast about her for methods of establishing some work which would inaugurate a better time for her less fortunate sisters. With this view she bought a fine place at Thompson, L. I., and has for two years been engaged in gathering conditions about her there which afford a neuclus for the establishment of some really benevolent and self-supporting work for women.

Many of her arrangements are completed, but such a work as she contemplates takes into its scope a much wider sphere of effort than the mere establishment of an industry. For some miles about Thompson there is no church, and people resident in the vicinity, many of whom have no means of conveyance, must either walk a great distance, or be entirely deprived of the privileges of the sanctuary. A place of worship being among the essentials for the perfection of Mrs. Langdon's place, she has erected, this summer, on a lovely site near her villa of Langdon, two fine tents, in which public services may be held, and in which congregations may be formed, and which may result in the building of churches.

Mrs. Langdon's breadth of principle, character, and purpose, are admirably shown and vindicated in the fact that while bearing the entire expense of the venture herself, she leaves the opportunities afforded for the forming of denominational churches open to the wishes of the people. Whoever comes is welcomed. As yet the Methodists have used the tent more than any one else; but on two or three occasions the platform has been occupied on Sunday by one of the most radical of our modern reform advocates, John B. Wolff, Esq., of Colorado, for lectures on the "Causes and Cure of Evil," and on "Truth—Relative and Absolute," has aroused thought and inquiry in most important directions.

The tents are open on each evening for popular lectures, entertainments, etc., and no pains spared by the gifted lady who has taken the whole burden of the matter to make them instructive, entertaining, and popular. On last Monday evening a grand temperance jubilee was held, and to this, the first charge of the season (25 cents admission) was made. The speeches, by Rev. A. C. Arnold, Alonzo Foster, Esq., and John B. Wolff, of Colorado, were listened to with great attention. Mr. Wolff brings an energy to back up his great logical and argumentative power which electrifies and magnetizes an audience, so that he holds them in his hand to sway them whichever way he will. The Owl Club, of Greenpoint, brought fun to add to the pleasures of the evening, and belied by their actions all that has ever been held true of the solemnity of the ominous bird of night. Mrs. McAlister, Mrs. S. L. K. Wheeler, and Mr. K. Floyd Roberts gave not by any means the least part of the entertainment in some exquisite songs, solos, duetts, and trios.

We hope, ere long, to be able to give a minute account of the superstructure of which all this work is merely the foundation.

WOMAN'S IDEAL.

Mrs. Mary Clemmer Ames has the greatest faith in the instincts and destiny of her sex. She well says: "From the universal awakening of womanhood must dawn at last a higher and finer development for the entire human race. Unerring nature will adjust itself to larger and purer conditions. And woman will be no less woman than man through all the processes of broader culture and of grander opportunity. No creature, cramped and fettered, can be so noble, so true to its own inherent self-hood, as that same creature untrammeled, using its best faculties in the atmosphere of intellectual and spiritual freedom.

"If I have great faith in man as man, I can have no less in woman as woman. No opportunity of change or of progression has made man less distinctively man in his habits or pursuits. Equal opportunity, equality in the race, cannot make woman less womanly. No matter what we say or do, man's work still remains man's, and woman's woman's. With here and there an exception, till our star goes out, doubtless man will remain the organizer of this world's affairs, and woman its ministrant. I say nothing against the demand for legal equality and equal opportunity; for it underlies the highest fulfillment. But in the struggle for material power, let no woman forget that, after all, to the end, her supreme kingdom must be the spiritual."

REPUBLICAN EQUALITY.

Grace Greenwood says that among the few women of Washington who have been able to lay by any money is a certain model wife, who, for some years, has been allowed by special favor to to take home and perform all the work of her paralyzed husband. Fearing always dismissal, though wonderfully fitted for her position, she has managed every year to save something from her husband's salary. By the way, if that husband who she has so long toiled for, and tenderly nursed, should die to-day, the childless widow could, by law, only have her "thirds" of those hard earnings and careful savings,—the bulk would go to her husband's nephews. Pleasant prospect—for the nephews!

True, Congress has put it in the power of secretaries and commissioners to promote the best female clerks to at least the lowest grade of male clerks, in the matter of pay—but the law is almost a dead letter, except in the case of personal favorites—and why? Simply because there is at present no political advantage in doing justice to women. As philanthropic a man as Mr. Dawes opposes all projects for raising their pay as the friend of the women in the department, saving that the change would render their present humble positions objects for honorable manly enterprise—that women not having the protection of the ballot would be driven out of government employment altogether. As shrewd a politician as General Butler says that the power of the ballot alone can insure to women equal wages for equal services.

LITTLE DUTCH GRETCHEN.

Fanny Hobart, the well-known fashion writer of the New York *Sunday Times*, has in press a volume of children's stories, which will be issued in the early fall. From the number we select a graceful poem, and know that it will delight the little folks of THE REVOLUTION:

Little Dutch Gretchen came over the sea,
With an aunt in place of her mother,
"As like," so little Dutch Gretchen told me—
"As like as one pea to another."

Little Dutch Gretchen fell sick on the way,
A-sailing upon the dark water;
The captain came down to the cabin each day,
And called her his patient Dutch daughter.

Little Dutch Gretchen took fritzels and beer,
Hoping she soon would be better;
And at last, when the end of the journey was near,
Dutch Gretchen sent homeward a letter.

"I'm better," Dutch Gretchen wrote first on the page;
"And my aunt is as kind as my mother;
But never a prison bird shut in a cage
Longed more to give one for the other.

"There's a look and a tone, and a tenderer way—
A bosom more gentle to lie on—
And, mother, a love that will never grow gray,
And a heart that is blessed to die on.

"So, mother, I've said to the captain to-night,
To Bremen I'll sail back most gladly,
To tell you if changing one's mother is right;
It's a trade that will cheat a child sadly."

And little Dutch Gretchen went home o'er the sea,
And gave back her aunt for her mother;
"For they're not all the same," said Gretchen to me,
"Though like as one pea to another."

EVERY well-ordered home will have a library. Until this in some form comes into the house, it has not the right to be called more than a lodging house, or an eating house, however sumptuously it may be furnished. Books in the house are a binding influence between members of the family, the means of dispersing the clouds, making rainy days useful, and enlivening hours of solitude. And in a true home the library will not be stowed away in a closet or a dark room, but will be in the centre of the house, in the meeting place of the family, where the young and the old together catch inspiration in its gathered hoard. In the true home the library will be the favorite sitting room.

Notes About Women.

—Saratoga belles call drinking irrigating themselves.

—Why are tall men luckiest? Because all the ladies are in favor of hy-men.

—Fannie Fern has delightful receptions of the literary people visiting at Newport.

—Miss Lillie Peckham, of Milwaukee, is to supply the Universalist pulpit in Dubuque.

—Mrs. Scott Siddons is giving seasonable readings in London from "Midsummer Night's Dream."

—Mrs. Stowe has escaped from her "Pink and White Tyranny," and has gone to Florida with her family.

—Miss Burdett Coutts recently gave $16,000 to the clerks of the banking house in which she is a partner.

—Very few ladies at Sararoga seem to be willing or courageous enough to appear in the same toilette twice.

—Miss Ada Shriver, of Dayton, has received the appointment of instructor of painting in the University of Michigan.

—It is said that "An Artist's Pilgrimage on Earth" was written by Jenny Lind. It contains a very full and accurate account of her early life.

—Seventy-nine little girls brought out by Miss Rye have arrived safely at Quebec, and there are already nearly two thousand applications for them.

—Miss Cordelia Jane Hodgeson, the last English connection of Benjamin Franklin, died recently in England. She was seventy-eight years of age.

—Mrs. Eugenie Bonaparte is going to Spain to visit her mother. The once Imperial family have decided to take up their residence in Switzerland, near Geneva.

—A seaside lady, who gave a party recently, had engraved on the corner of the invitations the words "small and early." Sensible lady, that; we belong to her party.

—A cynical man says, the reason women are so fond of writing letters is that they rejoice in the opportunity of saying all they wish without the possibility of an interruption.

—The Princess de Belgiojoso, who died lately in Milan in her 65th year, organized an insurgent battalion there in 1848, but was forced by the victories of Radesky to return temporarily to France.

—Mrs. Regina Dal Cin, who successfully performed 114 chirurgical operations in the city hospital of Trieste, Austria, was lately rewarded by the city authorities with a present of one hundred gold pieces and a letter of thanks.

—Mrs. W. A. Logan, of this city, has been lecturing on the woman movement in Maine, to large audiences, giving the greatest satisfaction. Her last lecture was given in the Presbyterian church at New Lisbon, Me., on Friday last.

—Madame Regina Dal Cin, a famous feminine surgeon of Austria, performed one hundred and fifty successful operations at the city hospital in Trieste, and was rewarded by the municipal authorities with a letter of thanks and a purse of gold.

—The fashionable color for ladies hair just now is bronze. The lion may not be able to change his skin, but to change his spots the leopard has only to follow the example of some of our belles, and dye.

—The sister of Delescluze, the famous Communist, now in her sixty-fifth year, is to be tried by a council of war at Versailles, on various charges. She is said to have been a *Petroleuse*, and to have murdered several of the troops of Theirs.

—There are three women connected with the government at Washington, who, by dint of rigid self denial and economy, have secured comfortable little homes for themselves on a salary of $900 each. If some women surpass men in extravagance, others surpass them in frugality.

—Mrs. Hester Pendleton's work on "Human Development Through Inherited Tendencies" is in its second edition, for which it has been enlarged and subjected to a careful revision. As a guide for parents in training and educating the coming men and women of the world it has peculiar value.

—Mrs. Swisshelm says that no woman is fit to be a wife and mother until she knows more of the laws of life, of health and disease, than one in five of our practicing physicians, who band together to hide and defend their own ignorance, by preventing the education of those most interested in discovering it.

—Miss Augusta J. Chapin is the pastor of the Universalist church in Iowa City. She is a good preacher, and performs all the duties of the office in a highly acceptable manner. There are seven women connected with the Universalist ministry, and their fidelity and success have prepared the way for more.

—Trinity Methodist Church, of Springfield, Mass., has secured Miss Butler, a teacher of the Westfield Normal School, as assistant pastor, to visit the sick and take special interest in the young people connected with the Sabbath-school, and assist the pastor in such duties as her talents and tastes fit her for.

—The Painesville *Telegraph* says there is an intelligent young lady of eighteen years, in Lake County, who will harness her span of horses in the morning, hitch them before the mower, let down the fence into the meadow, and cut her six acres of grass before noon. She will then feed and take care of her team, and duplicate her mornings work in the afternoon.

—The *Wyoming Tribune* says: "Mrs. Picket, Mrs. Arnold, and Mrs. Post, have been in constant attendance as jurors at the present term of court. Lawyers and judges are of opinion that they give better attention to testimony, and render verdicts fully as just as those found by the sterner sex. They are entitled to the thanks of political reformers the world over."

—Several German women, students of medicine, who have been studying in Russia, where the schools are open to them, have applied for matriculation in the Prussian University of Kœnigsberg, near the Russian borders; but as yet they have not received permission from the Minister of Education. They are allowed, however, to attend the lectures, which they do very diligently in the departments of physic, botany, chemisty, and comparative anatomy.

—There is more truth than compliment in the following from Mrs. Stowe's "Pink and White Tyranny": "Pretty girls, unless they have wise mothers, are more educated by the opposite sex than by their own. Put them where you will, there is always some *man* busying himself in their instruction; and the burden of masculine teaching is generally about the same, and might be stereotyped as follows: —'You need not be or do anything. Your business in life is to look pretty and to amuse us.'"

—When Miss Putnam, daughter of the New York publisher, defended her thesis for doctor of medicine in Paris, the amphitheatre of the medical school was crowded full; at least three thousand doctors or medical students were present. The examiners were Professor Gubler and Drs. Langier, Blachez and Duplay. All of them complimented her in the most flattering terms upon the talent with which she had treated the subject of her thesis. The audience likewise repeatedly applauded her. The mark awarded Miss Putnam was the highest that can be given—"Perfectly satisfactory."

—Mrs. Emily Pierpont Lesdernier is expected to return from Europe some time this month. Mrs. Lesdernier is known to the American public by her poetic and dramatic readings, which she has given from Bangor to San Francisco, and from London to Rome. This lady has also written two novels—"Headland Home," an autobiography, and "Hortense," the hero of which is said to impersonate the late L. M. Gottschalk. Besides these, Mrs. Lesdernier is the author of a volume of poems, and she has been more or less connected with the New York stage during the last fifteen years.

—Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen has undertaken to introduce marriage reforms among his countrymen to lessen the amount of female infanticide, now common among poor Hindoo families. At a wedding at Lucknow the Baboo, acting as high priest, asked the young pair separately if they married at their own accord, then he prayed, and the sacred knot was tied with the words, "Your heart is mine and mine is yours." This ceremony was a great innovation, not less for the novelty of its form than for the simplicity with which it was conducted. Formerly the expense of weddings, which fell chiefly on the bride's father, was so great that in order to conduct their household affairs economically, poor fathers killed their daughters as soon as they were born.

—We learn from London that Miss Clara Gottschalk has had an interview with the Emperor and Empress of Brazil. Their Majesties received Miss Gottschalk with much kindness, and spoke with great admiration and affection of her brother. The Empress does not speak French very well, but it was easy to understand the sympathy and feeling that she manifested for our great pianist. The Emperor promised Miss Gottschalk that he would exert himself to recover the MSS., musical and otherwise, and also the jewelry belonging to her brother, (for the family have never received anything that he left in Brazil). We hear that Mr. Gottschalk had been occupied during the last two years of his life in writing his autobiography, and that a thousand pages were prepared for publication.

—Mrs. Mary Clemmer Ames says of the Misses Cary, that with Alice on the other side, there was really no life left for Phœbe here. Remembering her apparently robust strength, this seems sad and almost unnatural. Yet it is not so. With Alice her inspiration and motive in existence passed to another sphere. By the very law of her life she has followed after them, and has gone up higher. Thinking of these sisters as I have known and loved them long, nothing seems more natural than that so swiftly Phœbe should have followed after Alice. I never could have felt that I had lost Alice quite while Phœbe lived. Mrs. Ames thinks that Alice Cary wrote too much to do justice to her own finest genius, and that Phœbe did not write enough to keep her higher faculties in exercise, and this almost altogether in consequence of her self-depreciation.

—A lady visiting the Adirondacks writes that nothing can be grander than the scenery to the true student or lover of nature. Whether he is softly gliding over placid lakes, fringed around about clear to the water's edge by a dark yet magnificent forest, while backward from this the eye is arrested by noble mountains, whose heads proudly rear themselves until boldly thrusting their naked peaks high up in the blue vault of heaven, they seem to bid defiance to ages; or, if he is quietly floating down some river, which, hidden in their deep forest, is peacefully making its way to some lake, and constantly disclosing some object of interest to the eye, in the shape of fall, or else brings upon the daring voyager a feeling akin to awe, as without a sound it sweeps him rapidly down a steep defile, shadowed on all sides by ancient monarchs of the wood. No matter where he goes, all is grand, and everything seems in clarion tones to cry "Behold! God liveth!"

—One of our exchanges says: "Mrs. Ella Davis Rockwood and Miss Marietta Rice, who are spending the season at Marblehead, were out rowing, and found their united strength unequal to the control of their boat. They had drifted seaward a considerable distance, and were in imminent danger, when they were passed by a Unitarian clergyman in his yacht, who, not knowing them, deliberately left them to their fate. They were finally rescued from the impending danger by the timely and kindly interposition of the lighthouse keeper." We can hardly believe that any clergyman would "deliberately" leave two women, who were vainly struggling against the tide, to their almost certain fate. It may have seemed so to the ladies in the endangered boat, but we should like to hear the minister's version of the story. The ministers we happen to know have a good deal more Christianity than muscularity, and though hardly equal to managing a boat in the surf, are still more incapable of leaving two ladies to drown when it is in their power to render assistance.

—The *Wyoming Tribune*, in an article on the Woman Movement, says: "This great reform has been entirely successful in Wyoming. We appointed Mrs. Morris a Justice of the Peace in Sweetwater county, and she performed the arduous duties of that office with signal success, for a period of nea[illegible] one year. Other important offices in the ter[illegible] ritory have also been ably filled by representatives of those who heretofore have only been regarded as qualified to wield the dishcloth, fan, and broom. Wyoming has given the woman movement an impetus ten thousand times greater than that received by its theoretical discussion during a decade of years before Eastern lyceums. Others have talked; we have acted, and the successful result is matter of history. In consequence of these new duties and responsibilities conferred upon women, no family circles have been destroyed, no additional domestic bickerings have been endured, no drawing-rooms have been disrupted, or kitchens exploded, no divorces obtained or asked for. The sun rises, shines and sets, as is his usual custom. The seasons come and go, and society has not yet decided to relapse into original chaos, as the opponents of this grand movement have so long prophesied. So far, especially as the administration of law is concerned, the reform has been signally successful.

—The English critics commend Miss Austen's posthumous papers, the publication of which gives a fresh opportunity of speaking of one who did as much, if not more, than any one to lift fiction from the defiling mire of the old authors to the moral elevation and purity which characterize the best works of today. The *Spectator* says:—"It is no little satisfaction to know that after Miss Austen had once gauged her own powers, she carried into everything she commenced the same combined playfulness and truthfulness, which make her novels read like kindly pleasantries without bitterness and without illusions, though also without any high ideal of life capable of causing the author either illusions in the first instance, or bitterness when those illusions were dispelled." The *Saturday Review* says: "Miss Austen is one of the few novelists whose popularity rests on a more solid and permanent foundation than the fashion of the day. These little sketches of life and character have been buried for half a century, yet we feel that they interest us, not merely because they show us the kind of thing which delighted our mothers and grandmothers, but because in their essentials they are as true of the English society of today as of the English society of fifty years ago. And it is no mean praise of them to say that, slight and fragmentary as they are, they do no discredit to the reputation of an authoress whose published works owe so much of their charm to their exquisite finish." Yet there are people who pretend to think women have no intellect to speak of.

—Lucy Downing, sister of John Winthrop, was one of the chief movers for a higher education here in America, and her solicitations led to the founding of Harvard College. Her brother urged her to settle here, but she declined doing so unless some provision was made for the education of her son George. She says: "It would make me go far nimbler to New England, if God should call me to it, than otherwise I should; and I believe a college would put no small life into the plantation." This was in 1636, and in October, 1636, the general court at Boston voted £400 to a college, of which £200 was to be paid in 1637, and the other half when the building was finish[illegible] In November, 1637, the build[illegible] at Cambridge, and about a [illegible]d it was endowed by Rev. John Harvard with one-half his estate. The first President took his seat in 1640, and second on the list of his first graduating class of nine young men, six of whom became ministers, stands the name of Lucy Downing's George, the nephew of Gov. Winthrop. The "solicitous suit" of the good dame had prevailed, and Harvard College has since had a name in the world for more than two centuries and a quarter; while Lucy Downing has been wellnigh forgotten, and as much neglected, even by her own George, as her sex has been by the college she teazed into existence. The Springfield *Republican* well says that Lucy Downing, the young mother, vexing her soul and pinching her purse, and putting her daughters out to service, in order to give her sons a good education—Lucy Downing coaxing the founders of New England to establish a college for boys—has been a type of her sex from that day to this. The men of New England are more indebted to the women of New England than to their own sex for their good education; yet no sooner do they ask for the like privileges for their own sex than the ungrateful men and the ungracious boys, who have thriven by their sacrifices and sagacity, call them bold and covetous, and refuse to admit them to the colleges they founded.

—Since Gail Hamilton stabbed the Washington lady correspondents with her steel-pen, and threw what ink she could on their reputation, it is but fair that one of them—and one, too, whose graceful and sprightly letters have been more generally read and admired than any other—should bear her testimony. Grace Greenwood says the lady correspondents are an enterprising, energetic, hard-working, wide-awake set of women. "They are well paid, though I think not so well as men would be for the same kind and amount of labor. It is a fine field for a clever, prompt, cultivated, conscientious woman, who is willing to work hard, and has tact, courage, and self-reliance. But she will need daily to pray to be delivered from the temptation to praise unduly, to blame unjustly, to flatter and to satirize. I want to see all these women-writers here stand by women, faithfully, valiantly, whenever legislation touches their interests, and through good and evil, minority and majority reports. As writers, they have done well thus far: they can do better if they will give more careful study to great political measures, and the characters of leading politicians; if they will write more for men and women, and less for fops and fine ladies. Descriptions of receptions and balls, suppers and costumes, are more properly left to Jenkins. They belong to his province, and a woman should be too magnanimous to cut into his narrow sphere." Grace Greenwood says she had heard a great deal about the lady lobbyists of Washington, that they were perilously pretty and persistent, and that 'their name was legion;' "but I have seen, or at least known, but very few of them. I did know one brave lady of this sort a few years ago. She had a claim—I doubt not a just one; but all the more hopeless for that, people said—and in her desperation she clutched at every straw of possible influence and advantage. She did not get her bill through that session, nor the next; but she worried it through at last. Since that time I have never doubted the doctrine of the 'perseverance of the saints.' If she had been younger her claim would have been stronger."

Contributions.

MEN AND WOMEN.

BY CELIA BURLEIGH.

I confess that I am sorry when advocates of woman suffrage seek to strengthen their arguments by wholesale denunciations of men. I do not believe that injustice to women as a sex was ever intended by men as a sex; that men ever deliberately set about consigning women to the inferior position which they hold to-day.

The evils of socicty are owing mainly to undevelopment and want of thought. That a thing is, vindicates to many minds its right to be. That, from the beginning of the world till now, woman has been subject to man, is proof positive to many minds that such is the divine order concerning her. I have no doubt that woman's helplessness and dependence are in a great measure the result of what is most tender and beautiful in the nature of man. In the childhood, both of races and of individuals, it is always the stronger that gives laws to the weaker. I apprehend that woman always has been, and, as a sex, always will be physically weaker than man; and that in any age, or among any people where might makes right, she will hold a subordinate position. Among barbarous races, man commands obedience from woman, because he has the power to enforce it; in a more advanced civilization he keeps her dependent, partly trom the force of habit, partly from an instinctive feeling that she is unable to take care of herself.

I remember watching with much interest, a few summers ago, a couple of children, who were my neighbors in the country house to which I had betaken myself. They were a little boy four or five years old, and a little girl of two. Willie was a very devoted brother; a little masterful and self-asserting at times, after the manner of his sex, but very fond of his sister, the scrap of feminine humanity that clung to him like his shadow, and alternately caressed and tormented him, after the manner of hers. "Buzzer Willie, carry May; May don't like to walk," was the piping cry that ascended to my window at all hours of the day. Willie's devotion and good nature seemed inexhaustible, and he trudged to and fro with the complacent little tyrant, now on his back, now in his arms, till it was discovered that May was losing the use of her feet, and Willie was developing a spinal curvature. To my mind this pair of children fairly illustrates one aspect of the relations of men and women to-day. Women have become so accustomed to dependence, that they accept it as a matter of course; in fact, are rather proud of their inefficiency, delicate health, and general good-for-nothingness; while the men who love them, accepting these facts as the necessary conditions of woman's existence, make it point of honor to carry them in their arms at whatever cost to themselves of comfort or true manliness. With my whole soul I protest against this unfair distribution of the world's work, which can only be well done when every man and woman is fitted to work; left free to choose the field in which to work, and condemned by public opinion if they refuse to work.

I am sick of the sentimentalism of the times. I see no magnanimity, no good sense, in a man's overtaxing all his powers, and making his life a weariness that he may support a family of daughters in luxurious idleness. I know of no more pathetic aspect of our daily life than the worn and haggard faces, and anxious eyes of a large proportion of our men of business; men of limited incomes and expensive families, men with ambitious wives and daughters, whose great aim in life is to keep up an appearance; to live in a fashionable quarter and in dress, and the giving of entertainments striving to vie with their wealthy acquaintances.

Oh, wives and daughters! does it ever occur to you what a tax upon heart and brain are these increasing demands? Do you find no moral in the fact that suicide, insanity, and sudden death, occur most frequently among men in middle life, and in what is called the better class?

It is one of the rights of woman to do her share of the world's work. Society is beginning to demand of her something better than mere prettiness. Idleness, even among the wealthy, is going out of fashion, and the oak and ivy period is passing away. To cling is not necessarily the highest attribute of woman's nature, nor to be helpless her chief attraction. Invalidism has ceased to be interesting, and the belle of the period takes kindly to athletic sports.

With these changes for the better, let us hope that others will speedily follow. That the champions of equal rights, remembering the very imperfect condition of women, will be tolerant of the short-coming of men. That they will have faith that all the love of justice, all the self-sacrifice, is not on one side, but is shared pretty equally by both. I have known some men who were tyrants; but, on the other hand, I have known some women so unreasonable and exasperating that they would have ruined the temper of St. John, or have worried him into his grave. Time spent in recrimination is worse than wasted, especially when there is so much cause for complaint on both sides. What we want now is the best thought of the best men and women brought to bear on existing conditions, with a view to making them better. A candid comparing of ideas, with the conviction that however much we may know, or fancy we know, there is a great deal more that we do not know; that much that we are undertaking is mere experiment, and must be held subject to revision. If we are only wise enough to know how little we know, we shall be too anxious to learn to spend time in useless tirades.

"DIVINE RIGHTS."

BY LEWISE.

Rev. H. C. Tilton, in an oration on the Fourth of July, said: "The American Revolution was a square fight between the divine rights of kings, and the divine rights of man; the first assumed and false, the latter true and victorious."

"The divine rights of man!" Yes, as relates to kings; no, as relates to woman. The claim is as "false and assumed" in regard to her, as is the claim of kings in regard to man. Why should "the wives and mothers come to kindle afresh their love of home, of country, and of God," when that "home" is subject to the intrusion of the law without her consent, and that "country" may force her sons to fight its unjust battles?

Sisters! let us henceforth refuse to countenance, by our presence, these occasions for vainglorying and assumption of "divine rights" on the part of men, even if we are "taxed without representation" by city councils to furnish funds for the foolish display.

When the late war closed, I helped prepare a Fourth of July dinner for returned soldiers. I was glad to do so much for them; but when two arms were shot off upon the grounds, and two husbands and fathers disabled for life, and two families deprived of the care which they alone could render, I said it should be the last Independence I would help celebrate in that fashion.

All over our land are villages, towns and cities, where there are no parks in which the weary people may walk and commune with nature, and enjoy her blessed influences; no art galleries, where "visions of beauty" may become "joys forever;" and not even a reading-room where our young people can spend their leisure hours. And yet our men rulers, with their "divine rights," boast of their Christian civilization! They consume the funds, raised in part from the "widow's mite" and the orphan's mill, upon gunpowder and fireworks, and neglect these "weightier matters" and higher enjoyments for the development of the human soul.

Our orator also says, that, "Disarmed by the goddess of reason and the fires of passion, the French revolution went down by its own weight of iniquity." Let us pray, O sisters that this lovely land, in which we are humble, insignificant servants, may never "go down through the weight of its iniquity," because of its injustice to woman, and the neglect of the help she might give to the great practical moral questions of the day and age. The Goddess of Reason appeals for so much of the right which is divine.

It is candidly admitted by Mr. Tilton, that "Men love power; to have the right to say to some one, go or come, to do this or that, is gratifying to our natures." Ah! indeed. Yes, to man's selfish human nature, but not to his redeemed, diviner nature. His passion cries for power. Now that the negro is free, if woman should be enfranchised, on whom could that power be exercised? Whom, verily! How could he play the tyrant then? Little wonder that man clings to this "forlorn hope" of his depraved animal nature. When he sees things in their true light he will find out his mistake. The true "divine right" is to help others and get the truth. Passion makes men tyrants, but principle makes them reformers and philanthropists. It is the divine right of every human being to develop his or her faculties to perfection, without being lorded over by kings or men; and it is our divine rights, as minds, as souls, as members of this vast humanity, as children of God, that women demand.

THE WHITE SUN-BONNET.

BY LAURA CURTIS BULLARD.

(CONCLUDED.)

He looked around his studio, for he had reached it, with sadness and disgust. His favorite pictures stared him in the face. He could not bear it. He turned them to the wall. Had not his very best work hung for

weeks in a picture dealer's rooms unnoticed, unadmired? Would this be so, if they possessed a tithe of the merit he had imagined theirs? No! he sternly answered himself; and taking his palette and brushes, he would have flung them in a heap to the end of the room, when he was interrupted by a rap at the door. It was repeated. He opened it, and a young lady entered.

"I address Mr. Manning, I presume?" He bowed assent.

"Miss Elliott," she added, accepting with a graceful inclination of the head the chair he offered, then continued: "I have just seen a painting of yours which I very much admire. Preciosa, I think it was called; and as the dealer did not seem to know much about it, I got your address, and came myself to see if it was for sale."

Manning listened with delight to the praises of his work from the beautiful girl before him. Praise was very sweet just then; it gave him fresh courage in himself. He willingly showed her his other paintings, listened eagerly to her exclamations of delight, and watching her kindling eyes with inexpressible satisfaction. The few moments that she had spent there had made him a new man. He was himself again; and when she left, though his Preciosa was unsold, he was as hopeful and light-hearted as ever.

It was not long before she reappeared, accompanied by her father. At this time the picture found a purchaser. Miss Elliott left her address, and urged him to call soon; she wished to consult him about the hanging of some pictures; her father united with her in repeating the invitation, which was gladly accepted.

He found Miss Elliott "at home" in a splendid mansion, where wealth and taste united in gathering all that was beautiful to adorn it, and she herself, he thought, the brightest ornament there.

Not regularly beautiful, his artist eyes decided; but the animation and changing expression of her face lent a charm to her irregular features, which he would not have exchanged for all the classic beauty of the Venus de Medicis.

She was gay and happy, and delighted in society so that her father's house, where she was mistress was thronged with company. She was a leader of fashion, yet not a slave to its rules; and was equally charming to the men of intellect, poets, orators and artists who assembled there, as to the giddy butterflies of high-life.

Manning soon found himself overwhelmed with orders, for where Miss Elliott led the way, there was no lack of followers, and he could hardly realize at times that he, now so caressed and flattered, was the same person who, a short time before, had been so desolate and neglected. Miss Elliott appeared perfectly unconscious that she had done anything to cause this, but he thanked her none the less, and longed for some opportunity to express himself.

Her father wished much that she should have her portrait painted; but no. She "detested this hanging one's self in a parlor, holding a book or guitar, with the same unvarying smile on the lips," she said.

"Would you object to being painted in some fictitious character?" asked Manning. "Let it be called a fancy piece instead of a portrait."

"Ah! that would just suit me. But what shall it be? an Evangeline or an Ophelia?" and she laughed gayly.

"No, Miss Elliott—but what do you think of Rosalind?"

"Ah! that hits my fancy again. A Rosalind ii shall be," and the hour for the first sitting was agreed upon.

The painting progressed, though somewhat slowly; the hour was often spent in conversations which suggested books that they afterwards read together, or songs which she would promise to sing.

There was always some reason they must be much together; and happy in each other's society, they asked not and thought not of the future.

One morning, on entering his studio, he found on the table a note. He opened it. It contained but a few words; they were these:

"I hear of you, dearest Walter, as prosperous and happy, and I rejoice with you. It is no surprise to me. Do you not remember when we saw all this in the future? Do you still remember our parting by the lake? I am unchanged, and have faith in you. If you remain the same, come to the witch's cottage where waits your own Ruby."

Walter was amazed; he could hardly believe his own eyes; he read it again and again, and his heart smote him, for now he knew well that Ruby's place was filled by another. He loved Miss Elliott, and dared to hope that he was loved in return. But did not honor bind him to Ruby? Must he not go to her? His mind was tossed by conflicting emotions, when Miss Elliott appeared. She noticed his depression, and her looks and voice betrayed her affection so unmistakably, that he could hardly restrain himself from telling her how very dear she was to him, but he knew that he was not free; the tie which bound him to Ruby, though for a time forgotten, was no less binding.

"Rosalind is finished!" he said, stepping back from the easel, and gazing with admiration on the charming face depicted there; neither spoke for a few moments; both were thinking of the happy hours they had spent during its progress. At last Walter broke the silence.

"I must bid you farewell; I am going away."

"Going away!" she repeated, growing pale.

"For a short time only, sweet Rosalind," he replied, while she strove to regain her usual composure.

"You must not forget your friends here," she said, smiling.

He longed to tell her how impossible it would be to forget her, but honor forbade. He murmured some commonplace observation, and accompanied her to her carriage.

He had resolved to see Ruby, to tell her all, and throw himself on her generosity; yet, though he trusted to be released, he was not happy. Her love for him was deep, he knew; he had gained her heart, and he was a villain to leave her; but Rosalind, as he fondly called her, how could he live without her? He was restless and unhappy, and the nearer he approached his journey's end, the more unpleasant seemed his task. He longed to have the interview over, and before going home even, he plunged into the well-known path which led to the cottage. As he approached it, a figure advanced to meet him. She wore the white sunbonnet which he had once declared would recall his old love should it ever grow cold.

"She is true, but I—" he groaned in spirit.

She hesitated, as he did not quicken his pace, and leaned against a tree. He saw that her quick woman's heart felt the change, and approaching her, overwhelmed with remorse, he fell at her feet.

"Oh, Ruby!" he ejaculated, "I am a wretch indeed; but hear me, and do not utterly despise me, though I love another."

He went on rapidly to tell her all—Miss Elliott's kindness, and his love for her. Ruby listened with her face buried in her hands. He paused, but she did not speak.

"Speak to me, Ruby," he pleaded. "Speak but one word—say that you forgive me!"

"Rise, Walter," she exclaimed, in a voice full of tenderness. "Ruby would not take your hand without your heart; she gives you up to Miss Elliott!" and throwing back her bonnet, she stood before him.

"Ruby!" he exclaimed—"Miss Elliott! Rosalind!"

"One and the same!" was her smiling reply, and he clasped her in his warm embrace.

"But why have I never known this? Why have you never told me?"

"In telling you, my good Walter, I must have reminded you of the great honor you once promised to confer on me—that of marrying me," she replied gayly. "Such a reminder, I feared, might prove unwelcome, and my fears, you must confess, were not unfounded."

"Ruby, are you jealous of Miss Elliott?"

"A little," she replied. "But, Walter, after all, you have painted poor Ruby—red hair and all. Ah! that same poor hair! but your many fine compliments on its deep golden hue have more than compensated for the old truths about its color, and that magic sun-bonnet, so charming once, how petrifying was its effect on you! I could hardly keep from smiling when your rueful visage met my gaze."

"Laugh on, Ruby," said Walter. "I am too happy now to heed anything you say. But your father—will he give you to the poor artist?"

"Here he comes," was her reply, "to answer for himself."

Her father looked fondly on her bright face, radiant with happiness, and said simply, "God bless you, my children!"

Joyous hearts were there, near the witch's cottage, that afternoon, and they heeded not the flight of time till Mr. Elliott pointed to the lengthening shadows at their feet. Ruby rose from the grass. Her sun-bonnet still laid there. Walter picked it up reverently.

"I shall need no memento of Rosalind," he said; "but I will keep this as all that remains of Ruby."

"Don't be too sure of that," she replied; "the hair, the eyes, and that temper—you see I have a good memory—all remain in an excellent state of preservation."

"Nevertheless, I am content," said Walter, "and shall still keep the white sun-bonnet."

For further particulars as to the wardrobe and wedding of Miss Elliott, what Mrs. Manning said etc., etc., I refer you to the good ladies of Barrington, who are able to satisfy the most curious on those important points; and as the moral, which, no doubt, every well regulated story should have, this must serve, for want of a better one. Take care how you bind yourself too early to one, for Rosalinds don't always prove to be Rubies.

The Revolution.

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, EDITOR.

All Persons are invited to send to this journal, from all parts of the world, facts, comments, resolutions, criticisms, reports, and items concerning woman's education, employments, wages, disabilities, enfranchisement, and general warfare. Communications should be accompanied by the names of the writers, not always for publication, but as a guarantee of authenticity. The editor is not responsible for the opinions of contributors, and invites a wide freedom and diversity of speech. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned except when accompanied by the requisite postage stamps. All letters should be addressed to The Revolution Association, Box 3093, New York City. Office (where the office-editor may be found daily), No. 11 Fulton street, near Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, AUG. 17, 1871.

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MR. GREELEY'S CONFUSION.

Mr. Horace Greeley, in his recent letter to Mr. Tilton on the woman question, grounds his opposition to woman suffrage upon his conviction of the proper indissolubility of the marriage relation, and his repugnance to "the social philosophy from which many vainly seek to separate the woman movement." And he goes on to say, that his conception of the nature and scope of the marriage relation renders his conversion to woman suffrage a moral impossibility.

Mr. Greeley is an able man, and as honest as he is able; but able men sometimes look at objects through such a mist of misconception as to get very erroneous ideas; and sometimes their own prejudices and prepossessions so discolor or cloud their vision that they see men as trees walking, or see double, or nothing at all. Yet, in the present instance, we are the more surprised, as Mr. Greeley owes his journalistic success and eminence very largely to his remarkable faculty for untangling snarled skeins, shaking the kinks and wrinkles out of subjects that have become tumbled and confused, and making plain what was obscure. That such a man, the representative and apostle of common sense, should identify the woman suffrage movement with a social philosophy that impairs the sanctity of the marriage relation, and inevitably tends to free-loveism, would scarcely be believed were not the evidence of the fact indubitable. It adds another to the long series of illustrations of the fact that great men have their limitations, that the wisest are not wise in everything, and that even philosophers have their foibles and their follies.

The woman suffrage movement aims at making women and men equal in all the right and privileges of citizenship, equal before the laws; both are required to obey; equal in the choice of the officers who are to execute the laws for both, and that both are equally taxed to support; equal in the courts to which both are liable to be summoned for the protection of property and the defence of life. In what way does this involve the marriage relation? How can the act of voting weaken the ties between husband and wife, and sap the foundations of home? What possible connection is there between giving the rights and privileges of citizenship to women and the unrestrained indulgence of the sexes, social anarchy, and universal rottenness? The two things have only to be looked at steadily for a moment in the clear, cool light of reason to see how absurd and chimerical Mr. Greeley's supposition is.

Substantially the same objection has been brought against every great movement of humanity toward larger liberty and a higher good. Popular education was resisted in this country, and is resisted in England to-day, because it might loosen old ties, and break old bonds, and produce discontent, and open the door to countless unknown innovations and incalculable evils. Male suffrage and republican institutions were assailed by similar appeals to the fears and prejudices of conservative people, on the ground that they were inseparably connected with, and logically led to anarchy. How many times has Mr. Greeley himself felt called to answer the objection to anti-slavery, that it would result in social confusion, and that flood of license and crime covered by the word "miscegenation?" How many times has Mr. Greeley's arguments in behalf of the emancipation of the slaves been met with the idiotic cry, "Do you want your daughter to marry a nigger?" Yet it would seem that he was so pleased with that style of argument, and so smitten with its effectiveness, that he resorts to the same arsenal for weapons with which to resist a movement that is but the carrying forward another step of the principles and ideas he has spent the whole strength of his manhood in advocating—the culmination of the causes he has won his only unfading laurels in championing.

The fact that a few persons of extreme views on social questions are connected with the woman suffrage movement does not identify that movement with their eccentricities. Was every anti-slavery man bound to part his hair in the middle, and wear it hanging in ringlets on his shoulder, because one of the abolitionists choose that fashion? Was the Republican party implicated in the least with the peculiar socialistic theories of Owen, or the free trade politics of Van Buren, or Henry Wilson's shoe-making? Not one particle more than it is with Mr. Greeley's fancies about farming or Mr. Bailey's defalcation, or Mr. Bowen's bigamy. And yet, Mr. Greeley condemns the woman's suffrage movement as licentious in tendency, because Mrs. Davis believes in having more love and less law in the marriage relation, and Pearl Andrews advocates promiscuosity, and Mrs. Woodhull has a marital status it is difficult to define. No wonder it required a poet, and the great poet of America, too, to find in such a reasoner the Franklin of our age. Who shall question the vigor and sweep of Whittier's imagination after this?

Women are more interested in the perpetuity and sanctity of the marriage relation than men. Their instincts, sentiments, habits, constitution, interests, hopes—everything that is dear and sacred to them—centre in and are clustered about that relation Individual instances of suffering and wrong may make particular women chafe under its burdens, and break away from its bonds. So we read that even angels in heaven rebelled. But as a sex, women hold most tenaciously to the marriage relation, insist on its inviolability, glory in its sacrifices, and bear its burdens as crosses heaven-crowned. The majority of women are held to home by all that is deepest and strongest in their hearts, and no more dream of breaking away from its holy responsibilities, and losing themselves in temporary liasons and lustful attachments than of plucking the stars out of heaven for a necklace. A home is the ideal in every woman's soul, put there by the Hand that made it; and there is no power of legislation, no chicanery of party, no force in this world that can ever despoil the soul of woman of that jewel set in the casket of her immortality by Almighty Love, the infinite maternity of which she was born.

Does Mr. Greeley—does anybody with common-sense—dream for one instant that woman will ever lift her hand against the one thing, the one institution, the one relation in life, the one goal of her ambition, the one heaven of all her prayers and hopes? Are these men idiots that they should imagine that woman, the very party of all others most interested in maintaining the sanctity of the marriage relation, would deal it a deadly blow the instant she has the power? Is it not reasonable to suppose that she would use that power to the very utmost in increasing the safeguards of home, and throwing around it additional sanctions and attractions?

Instead of Mr. Greeley's position being sustained by facts, it is in opposition to the facts and the probabilities of the case. Would a Congress of manufacturers establish free trade? As soon as a Congress of women would enact free love. In truth, the men and women who are dissolving domestic ties, and undermining the foundations of home, and rotting out the purity and conscience as well as the health of society, nine to one are hostile to the woman movement, ridicule its advocates, and hurl the contemptuous epithets coined for their use by the *Tribune* at the heads of its champions. The men and women who live in licence, and throw a veil of transparent propriety over their shameless practices, have nothing but contempt for us and our cause. Every bad man and infamous woman in this city will chuckle over Mr. Greeley's letter as a stab at their enemies. But, on the other hand, almost every person interested in this movement is interested if not actually engaged in some effort to stay the spread of the social evil, and pluck its victims like brands from the burning. Indeed, hundreds of them owe their conversion to the suffrage movement entirely to their efforts to stop the flood of social vice aad rescue the fallen. Are these people—people who have looked into the face of the destroyer, who have gone through social hells that Dante never imagined, and seen the victims writhing in agony and wasting in loathesomeness, and burning in a flame that no waters can ever quench or cool, and who demand the ballot that they may deal this monster a more deadly blow—likely to abolish the

the homes of the earth, sink love into lust, and remand the race into aboriginal animalism? Just as likely as that Mr. Greeley's turnips shall turn into stones, and his pigs into serpents. Things so radically different as these do not get mixed, save in heads which sometimes mistake whims for ideas, and prejudices for principles.

THOSE DAUGHTERS.

Mr. Greeley's inconsequence is noticed by the press generally, and even those papers that do not sympathize with the woman movement remark upon the inconsistency of his position. The Washington *Capital* well says:

"We have no very large amount of sympathy for the female movement in the direction of voting; we are forced to ask our venerable friend if, while objecting to the masculine business above stated for his charming daughters, he is willing they should go into some man's kitchen to follow the masculine labor of cooking, washing, and scrubbing? Yet this has been and is the fate of men's daughters as good, delicate, and tenderly nurtured as our agricultural friend. And if he leave his children nothing but that farm where he learned all that he knows about farming, the prospect is that such will be their fate.

"For our part, we would rather our daughters, if we had any, would shine in the caucus than scrub in the kitchen. And we have a suspicion that if they were permitted to vote there would be better wages and less abuse."

LADY SCOTT.

Walter Scott had been jilted before he met Miss Charlotte Margaret Carpenter; and she had a romantic attachment with a young man whom her father despised, and from whom he sent her away, only to fall into the arms of the gallant young lawyer of Edinburgh. They were married in his twenty-sixth year, and lived very happily together until her death, in 1826.

Lady Scott was a kind, generous, good woman, and in every respect but one a fitting wife for Sir Walter. She had scarcely any appreciation of his writing, or sympathy with his literary pursuits. Julian Charles Young, in his interesting "Journal," says that the first day of his stay at Abbotsford, while at lunch, his father was admiring the handsome proportions and workmanship of the dining-room. Observing him with his eyes raised to the handsome ceiling, with which he was especially charmed, his hostess exclaimed: "Ah! Mr. Young, you may look up at the bosses on the ceiling as long as you like, but you must not look down at my poor carpet, for I am ashamed of it; I must get Scott to write some more of his nonsense books, and buy me a new one." It is scarcely a matter of surprise that this grated harshly on Mr. Young's ears.

At another time the lady expressed herself with regard to her husband's indiscriminate hospitality, by remarking that she saw no difference between Abbotsford and a large hotel, except that at the former nobody paid. The golden pheasant was in the eagle's nest.

But it is in the highest degree honorable to Scott that he did not publish the want of literary sympathy between himself and his wife, nor make it the occasion and excuse for such infidelities as literary men have too often been guilty of. They enjoyed what they had in common too much to trouble themselves about other things, setting an example worthy of imitation.

It was Scott's most earnest ambition in life to leave a landed estate to his family after him; and now that the centennial anniversary of his birth has come, there is pleasure in knowing that a lineal descendent, his great grand-daughter, Miss Monica Hope Scott, is sole heir to the architectural dream which he built as at once a poem and a home.

THORNS, THISTLES, ETC.

Mrs. Jane Swisshelm is making a tour among the farmers of Western Pennsylvania, and writes to the Pittsburgh *Commercial*, from Mount Pleasant, in the following pleasant vein:

"The road from Greensburg to Mount Pleasant presents a succession of magnificent landscapes, sweeping views of valley, hill and mountain, of grain fields, meadow and forest, the sight of which might and should expand the narrowest soul into something of liberality.

"One thing surprised me greatly—*i. e.*, the evidences of infidelity among the farmers. Many of them appear to have no respect for the divine right of thistles. There are whole farms, hnndreds of acres, on which you might search in vain for one of these divinely appointed accompaniments of cultivation. Wheat, rye, oats, grass and corn in such luxuriance, that one would wonder where the harvest should or could be stored, and not a thistle even on the road side. No thorns or any other of the 'rubbish plants,' which usually follow the tillage of the ground in fulfillment of the curse laid upon it in Eden. Nay, it is impossible to realize that the ground of these farms is cursed by man's labor. Year by year it grows more fruitful, is blessed by and becomes more and more of a blessing to the cultivator. There were great fields of wheat on these old farms without a tare, a head of cockle or of rye, so heavy-headed and staunchly stocked as to appear quite equal to the celebrated first crops on the virgin soil of Minnesota, and we were assured that the proprietors were members, in good and regular standing, of various orthodox churches.

"I would respectfully call the attention of the churches to which these persons belong, to the 3d of Genesis, 17, 18 and 19: 'Cursed is the ground for thy sake * * thorns also, and thistles shall bring it forth to thee,' or in answer to thy ignorant, covetous cultivation. No other *law* laid down in Eden, after the fall, has been more literally and general fulfilled, and if Christians annul it now, wives will begin to veto that 'shall rule over you' of the husband. How are we to maintain the rule of the husband, without preserving the rights of the thistle? Their origin is identical, and their commissions were written out in exactly the same words. They must stand or fall together, and if these Westmoreland farmers are permitted to exterminate thistles with impunity, the original deed of masculine supremacy is not safe or certain to survive them a generation."

THE COOLIES.

Charles Kingsley has found the Coolies in the West Indies far better cared for, and a far better people than was generally supposed. He says "a thing noteworthy in the crowd which cooked, chatted, lounged, sauntered idly to and fro under the Metapalos—the pillared air roots of which must have put them in mind of their own Banyans at home—was their good manners. One saw in a moment that one was among gentlemen and ladies. The dress of many of the men was nought but a scarf wrapped round the loins; that of most of the women nought but the longer scarf which the Hindoo woman contrives to arrange in a most graceful as well as a perfectly modest covering, even for her feet and head. These garments, and perhaps a brass pot, were probably all the worldly goods of most of them just then. But every attitude, gesture, tone, was full of grace, of ease, courtesy, self-restraint dignity—of that 'sweetness and light,' at least in externals, which Mr. Matthew Arnold desiderates.

"I am well aware that the sepeople are not perfect; that, like most heathen folk and some Christian, their morals are by no means spotless—their passions by no means trampled out. But they have acquired—let Hindoo scholars tell how and where—a civilization which shows in them all day long; which draws the European to them, and them to the European, whenever the latter is worthy of the name of a civilized man, instinctively, and by the mere interchange of glances; a civilization which must make it easy for the Englishman, if he will but do his duty, not only to make use of these people, but to purify and ennoble them.

"Another thing was noteworthy about the Coolies, at the very first glance, and all we saw afterwards proved that that first glance was correct; I mean their fondness for children. If you took notice of a child, not only the mother smiled thanks and delight, but the men around likewise, as if a compliment had been paid to their whole company. We saw afterwards almost daily proofs of the Coolie men's fondness for their children; of their fondness also—an excellent sign that the *morale* is not destroyed at the root—for dumb animals. A Coolie cow or donkey is petted, led about tenderly, tempted with titbits. Pet animals, where they can be got, are the Coolie's delight, as they are the delight of the wild Indian."

CLEANLINESS and caution would prevent nearly all sickness.

THE higher the state of civilization in any country, the greater is the perfection to which the science of cookery is brought; for cookery is more a science than an art, the result of study than of natural talent.

HOWEVER slow the progress of mankind may be, or however imperceptible the gain in a single generation, the advancement is evident enough in the long run. There was a time when the most part of the inhabitants of Britain would have been as much startled at questioning the truth of the doctrine of transubstantiation as they would in this age at the most skeptical doubts on the being of a God. —*John Locke.*

Special Correspondence.

THE YO-SEMITE.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

Mine eyes have at last seen the Yo-Semite. I shall not attempt to describe it, for no pen nor brush can ever paint its solemn grandeur and weird-like beauty, the impressive silence of its mountains, valleys, trees, all hushed to the ceaseless rushing of its cataracts. Your own eye must see these granite domes and peaks piled up in their magnificence; your own ear must hear the varied music of its waterfalls, as each one strikes its note of harmony, and all in concert sing their eternal songs of triumph, within these grand cathedral walls, before you can realize the glories and wonders of this temple, not made with hands, whose foundations are laid 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, and whose highest arches reach up 6,000 more. The valley is eight miles long and one wide, with its pearly little Merced river winding through. Its trees, and shrubs, and flowers, still bloom in all their native wildness to the delight of artists, and the chagrin of those who prefer smooth drives and walks.

Walled in such narrow boundaries by these granite rocks, one feels, at first, in danger of being forever overshadowed. What would become of the weary traveler if these moun tain giants, Fissaack and Tecoyæ, Hunto and Matah, Pompompasus and Turtock-ah-me-lah and Loza, should shake hands some day, or put their great heads together to plot the destruction of this last wonder of the world. The valley is already filled with the *debris* of mighty rocks and trees, showing their former wrath and power in fierce battles with the wintry elements. Oh, what a place this is! Travelers say there is nothing like it in the world.

The approach to the Yo-Semite is through a bold range of the Sierra Nevadas, covered with tall pines, furs, live oaks, and here and there a few majestic sequoias. The drive all day through this grand park is a fitting vestibule to the solemn temple with which it opens. Nothing can surpass the awful majesty of the scenery on every side.

The descent into the valley is rough and dangerous, and with the rest we were obliged to leave our comfortable vehicle for some venerable horse or mule. A party of some two dozen gentlemen and ladies, in sea-side hats and bloomer's, were gaily mounting when we arrived. As Mr. Hutchings, the hero of the valley, had kindly sent two well-disciplined chargers and experienced guides to conduct us into the depths, we, too, were soon mounted, and Miss A. complacently commenced her descent; but as I had not mounted a horse in thirty years, and my proportions were somewhat augmented by time, I found it impossible to preserve my equilibrium. I tried various horses and saddles, but at every step felt as if I should fall off one side or the other, and pitch over the animal's head. One slender guide, about as large as a stair rod, who was in a hurry to be off, said, "Why, madam, I have been up and down this trail a thousand times and never fell off." But what consolation was that to me, ten times his size, having never been up or down at all? What was to be done? The whole party were on their winding way, and I left alone, a spectacle to men and donkeys. The guides laughed behind their saddles, and even the mules gave their ears an extra comical twist. Stephen Cunningham, a gentleman from the banks of the Hudson, kindly suggested, in the words of Dombey, "another effort." But I knew that would result in another laugh all round, and another turn of the long left ear.

Mr. Cunningham, by the way, was one of the earliest settlers in the Yo-Semite, and has been an Indian interpreter for the government over twenty years. He understands the language of all the tribes, and is well versed in their legendary lore. (Be sure and see him when you visit the valley.) As I looked at him, standing there with all the patience of Job, and a gentleman, with his own horse in one hand and mine in the other, I said, at last, "Let us go; I'll walk." "That," said he, "is impossible; it is over three miles to the foot of the mountain. The trail is rough and steep, and the heat intense." "Well," said I, starting, "I'll try." So he followed, with the patient quadruped, and exhausted his powers of eloquence in trying to persuade me to mount, but in vain. Foot-sore and weary, down, down, I went, congratulating myself at every new danger that I was on my own feet, and thus tying perverse shoe-strings, pinning up tattered flounces, wiping the dust and perspiration from my burning brow, drinking at every spring, resting on every inviting rock, at the end of three miserable hours we reached the plain. Too tired to walk another step, I took heed to the nice admonitions of Mr. C., and mounted the hardest beast and the hardest saddle I ever knew, and for three more miles, through dust, ruts, weeds, and a burning sun, I endured the torments of the inferno. At last, under the shade of a large tree, I declared I could stand no more, and implored Mr. C. if there was a wheelbarrow, a cart, or a carriage in that valley to go on and send one or the other after me. As soon as he started I stretched myself on the ground, and slept until the joyful sound of wheels roused me to life. Fortunately, the Mariposa Company, thank its representative, John Bruce, had just brought a carriage into the valley, and in it I was comfortably transported to Mr. Hitching's Hotel. If Olive Logan felt as thoroughly used up as I did when she reached the Yo-Semite, I do not wonder that she revenged herself on the valley, instead of the Legislature of California, for not making a good road into this magnificent country. I hope if the women of this State get the ballot, their first act will be a bill appropriating $100,000 to improve the roads in and around the Yo-Semite, and to introduce a new order of mules and saddles, adapted to all varieties of the human form divine. Although my advent into the valley was so unpropitious, I enjoyed all the points of interest that in my disabled condition I could reach. Next morning, John Bruce came again with his carriage to explore some new drives, and thus I had the pleasure of being the first stranger to drive to certain points, for the first time, in the first carriage that had entered the valley. John Bruce, who has a good-natured face and a twenty-two inch head, had decided in his own mind that I should mount an easy mule, with a new saddle made to his order, and ascend the heights to Vernal Falls, whose waters descend three hundred and fifty feet. Though I had declared the night before that I would never mount a horse again, that I would go out of the valley as I came in, or stay until a carriage road was built. Yet I did accomplish all that John proposed, and surprised the party that had left six hours before on Lady Franklin's rock, where, with many tongues, they related all the wonders they had seen. Coming down, we all went gaily together to Mirror Lake, where, at the sunset hour, we saw in its smooth bosom a perfect reflection of the trees, shrubs, and stately rocks, upon its shores. At sunrise, however, one gets the best view of this picturesque lake and its wonderful surroundings. When you visit the Yo-Semite, dear reader, have a nice suit of Blumer's, and ride astride on a *narrow* mule, and a *narrow* gentleman's saddle. A side saddle is hard for the rider and hard for the horse, and very dangerous for both in these rough descents. Thus equipped, Miss Anthony fearlessly scaled the dizziest heights, and, by her courage, commanded the admiration of the guides of the Yo-Semite, though, by her stern, common-sense speeches, she had failed to secure that of the Bohemians of the San Francisco press.

Though the valley can boast three hotels, yet Mr. Hutchings' will ever be the centre of attraction, because he is the historian of the Yo-Semite, a scholar and a gentleman, beside being a very genial host, and having Mr. Cunningham for his right hand man. However, as we always have a little friendly advice for every one, we would suggest to friend Hutchings to get a first-rate, orderly, executive clerk and housekeeper to attend to the details of the establishment, while he and his accomplished wife entertain the guests and keep a super vision over matters and things in general. It requires one kind of talent to write books and speeches, and quite another to order guides, mules, and dinners. Among the pleasant guests we met in the Yo-Semite was Rev. John K. McLean, from Springfield, Illinois, genial and liberal, a lover of nature and humanity, who spent his Sunday 'mid these mountains, worshiping God in His own tem ples, without form or ceremony, fear or superstition, quite in contrast with some of his flock, who stayed at Chinese Camp, a dillapidated old mining town, over Sunday to avoid desecrating that holy day by traveling through these grand forests of pines, arbor vitæs, and sequoias. What psalms, or prayers, or sermons within cathedral walls could so exalt the human soul as Nature here in all her majesty and beauty.

Here, too, we met Mrs. Lawrence, from Mar iposa, with her flaxen hair, blue eyes, and graceful, girlish form and ways. She is quite distinguished among the *literati* for her sprightly letters in Western journals. She is a fine talker, as well as writer, and entertained us with the personal history of Mrs. Yelverton, who had spent several months in the valley, and given her a most touching history of her sad life. George W. King, an artist from Auburn, N. Y., with his classic features and handsome head, attracts at once the attention of the stranger. He is the soul of industry, and devoted to his art. He has painted many fine views of the valley. With his lunch, tin cup, and pencils, he daily wanders far and near, living to sketch, and sketching to live. One party alone gave him orders for three hundred views. With him we visited the foot of the Yo-Semite Falls, and in the cool evening, seated on a felled oak, we watched the rising moon gradually gilding these dark,

rocky spires, and filling the valley with its mysterious heights and shadows. There we lingered long, enjoying the beauty of the scene, discussing reforms and reformers, the visible and the invisible, the glories of the valley, and the value of prayer.

With him and Mr. Cunningham we made the steep ascent back to this stale, flat world. Their merry conversation in a measure cheated me of my old terrors of the saddle and the mule. The trail did not seem so rough, the precipices so deep, the way so long, as when I descended three days before.

And when we reached the mountain top in that sweet, still, twilight hour, and found our carriage waiting, it was with sincere regret we bade adieu to our pleasant companions and the wonderful valley below.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

YO-SEMITE VALLEY, July 31, 1871.

WOMEN TAX-PAYERS.

To the Editor of The Revolution:

The women of this village recently offered their votes at a charter election for raising an "extraordinary tax." These women were all property-owners; but not one of them was allowed a voice in regard to this use of her property, notwithstanding the fact that about one fifth of the taxable property of the whole corporation belongs to women, the largest tax-payer in the corporation being a woman.

If women are entitled to hold property at all, they are certainly entitled to be consulted as to its disposition. A person does not really possess anything if it is liable to be taken away by others.

It is no new thing for women to protest against taxation. During the struggle of the Colonies, the women of New England held two public anti-tax meetings. These protests against taxation were made as early as 1770, five years before the commencement of the Revolutionary war, and were the real origin of the Boston Tea Party which was held in that harbor three years afterwards. The matrons, at these meetings, entered into a league to use no more tea until the tax upon it was repealed. The anti-tax meeting of the young ladies was held three days afterwards, and these young ladies publicly declared they did not protest against taxation for themselves alone, but as matter of principle, and with a view to benefit their posterity.

The women of to-day are the direct posterity of the women of the Revolution, and as our fore-mothers protested against taxation without representation, so do we, their descendants, protest against being taxed without being represented.

It was the denial of property representation which brought about the Revolutionary war. When our ancestors made that the basis of their demand for all other rights, "they builded better than they knew." James Otis is frequently referred to as one of the shining lights of the Revolution; but he was no more so than was his sister, Mercy Otis Warren, a woman who had great political influence, and who was consulted by Jefferson, the two Adams', and other patriots, on all important steps; and her's was the animating spirit of the Declaration of Independence.

She wrote a history of the American Revolution, from notes she herself kept during the war, and it was long a standard authority. It was only superceded when other histories were written, which drew upon her's for their main facts. Let women search the libraries and read Mrs. Warren's "burning words."

MATILDA JOSLYN GAGE.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. Y., Aug. 7, 1871.

COUNTRY WAYS.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

What do we find out in the country to pay for exile from your promenades and garden-music? Well, such delights as fishing in cleft glens, when the hemlock is putting out its green thimbles, and the fir perfumes the wood, and coming home with baskets of beauties, trout and jack, and delicate little fish that you eat heads and all, and say nothing about; or flying up hill and down, as we have been to-day, behind the fleet little dark mare that nearly pulled her driver's wrists off, and only wanted to be allowed to go till she dropped.

Then the most of towns here are adopting the metropolitan fashion very sensibly, and must have their green squares with a central pavilion, where the band plays evenings, and all the world goes to walk with its friends, and see the pretty women. And I bear free witness that, with some of them, freshness and taste are as inborn as style and piquancy to a Parisian. Some days we can ride off into the woods on the Winton Valley road, a short railway into the woods, to bring lumber down from the mills. The girls like the fun of riding on open lumber cars on the piles of fragrant freshly-sawn boards, with wild cherry trees cut down and stuck in sockets at the couplings to shade the party, which comes home laden with green wreaths, and jolly with song and fresh laughter.

The other day we went up the Cross-cut road, as people call the Buffalo and Corry Railway, as far as Panama, a gem of a place away in its valley from the noise and smoke of railroads, with trim streets, and white, large, old-fashioned houses, embowered in elms and acasias, and its brooks rippling everywhere round the town, its white spires looking peace on the bright spot that seems as if turmoil never had a chance at this favored region. It is five miles from the station, the stage running twice a day through a beautiful farming country, set in orchards and blue hills with distances to delight an artist's eye. Hardly a turn of the road but brings one to some new delicious view, old farmsteads whose grazing lands are now dusted with gold-of-ring-cups, bold, rounded hills from which the first growth of all the best forest woods has hardly disappeared, tinkling brooks that make fairy scenes of willow and wild rose across the meadows, and such clear, life-sustaining air that it seems food and drink to the traveler. The chief curiosity at Panama is the rocks, a ledge of which traverses the country, broken into clefts, table-rocks and caves, where the snow lies breast deep till August. A large hotel was built on the hill near these rocks for a summer resort, but was burned the fourth of July a year or two ago.

We only spent a day here, and rushed on to Chatauque Lake, where at Cowan's Point a new hotel is open for guests, and the older favorite at Bemis Point has at least many local attractions. High, pure air, with a breeze always freshly blowing over the sunny banks, pleasant drives, fine woods of maple and nut trees, that seem "expressly erected" for picnics, boating on the lake, where steamboats go up and down the 36 miles daily, a surplusage of fruit, cultivated and wild, with all sorts of good country living, joined to the usual fun at hotels, hops, flirting, and out-of-door parties, make this lake region very tempting. What will appeal directly to many persons is the comparative cheapness of these resorts which make up for their distance from the city. Hotel board is $8 to $14 a week, and a little distance from the lake much cheaper.

There is only space to hint at the gayety of Titusville, in the opposite direction, where it is popularly supposed people have nothing to do but spend the money made in oil. Certain it is that the lust of the eye and the pride of life are very fully gratified by the oil magnates, and the milliners, jewelers, and perfumer's shops on the principal streets would do credit to New York tastes. The newest, most pleasing varieties are eagerly selected for the demanding customers, who feel that oil floats on the top of everything. Fine horses, carriages and dress abound here, and big hotels; and why should'nt they? One of the rich well owners was pointed out to us, who had 50,000 barrels of oil in store waiting for a good selling time. His income is estimated at $150,000 a year by the assessors. The other day this happy man had a $2,500 diamond stolen from his shirt front, picked off by a professional thief, and I don't suppose it was his day for losing his big diamonds either. Ain't you glad not to be so well off as this man? It must be horrible to have to die and leave a hundred and fifty thousand a year, to say nothing of the possible misery of wearing it by some turn of fortune. You and I will never have to endure that pang.

SHIRLEY DARE.

CORRY, Pa., Aug. 1871.

Book Table.

LITTLE STORIES FOR MY LITTLE FRIENDS. By May Starr. New York: Published for the Author.

This is a very small volume of very small stories, for very small children, by a little girl of only ten years of age. The little authoress who puts forth this effort of her early childhood, shows not only talent in the construction of her stories, but absolete genius in their conception. We have read many fairy stories, written by elder people, which had neither the pleasant matter in them, nor the finely pointed moral that is contained in "Our Cat Story." We dislike overstrained effort in young children and the abnormity of precociousness as much as any one can; we are therefore happy to say that we know this little girl very well, and know how truly a mother her mother is, in educating her child in a well-balanced manner, not neglecting the best physical culture, while giving her mind every proper opportunity to follow its natural bent. We predict for little May Starr a brilliant and useful future.

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"	9 " "	$18,	silver plated Teapot.
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"	7 " "	$14,	one set of French China, 44 pieces.
"	6 " "	$12,	silver plated Cake Basket.
"	6 " "	$12,	" " Butter Dish.
"	5 " "	$10,	one linen damask Table Cloth.
"	3 " "	$6,	one of Prang's Celebrated Chromos, "The Kid's Playground."
"	3 " "	$6,	Prang's beautiful Steel Engraving, "Our Women Warriors."
"	2 " "	$4,	Representative Women, being the portrait of seven ladies identified with the women's movement.
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We have purchased, for cash, of the Nottingham Manufacturing Co. (limited), five cases of

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82 dozen LADIES' BALBRIGGAN EMBROIDERED HOSE, at 37 1/2 c. per pair.

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For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism and Gout, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these **Bitters** have been most successful. **Such Diseases** are caused by **Vitiated Blood,** which is generally produced by derangement of the **Digestive Organs.**

DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the regions of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms are the offsprings of Dyspepsia.

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Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

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From the Lockport Times of March 4th, 1871.

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From the Independent, (N. Y.) December, 1870.

It is astonishing to witness the rapid development of the trade in this famous article. Whether for use on man or beast, the Merchant's Gargling Oil will be found an invaluable liniment, and worthy of use by every resident in the land.

From the Louisville (Ky.) Daily Democrat of June 4th, 1856.

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